

T H E E A S T E R

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WARCRY

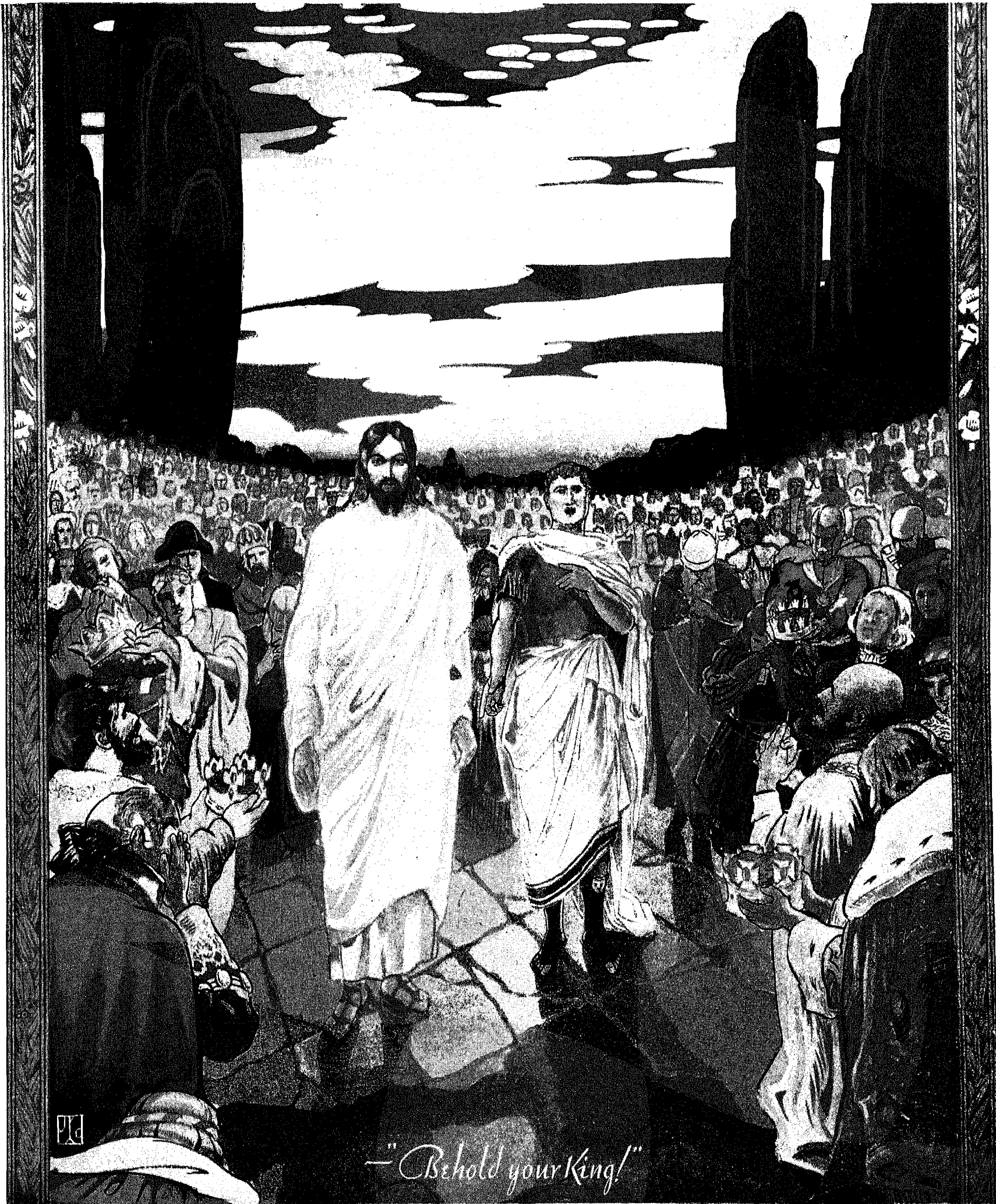


No. 2475

MARCH 26

1932

CANADA EAST AND NEWFOUNDLAND

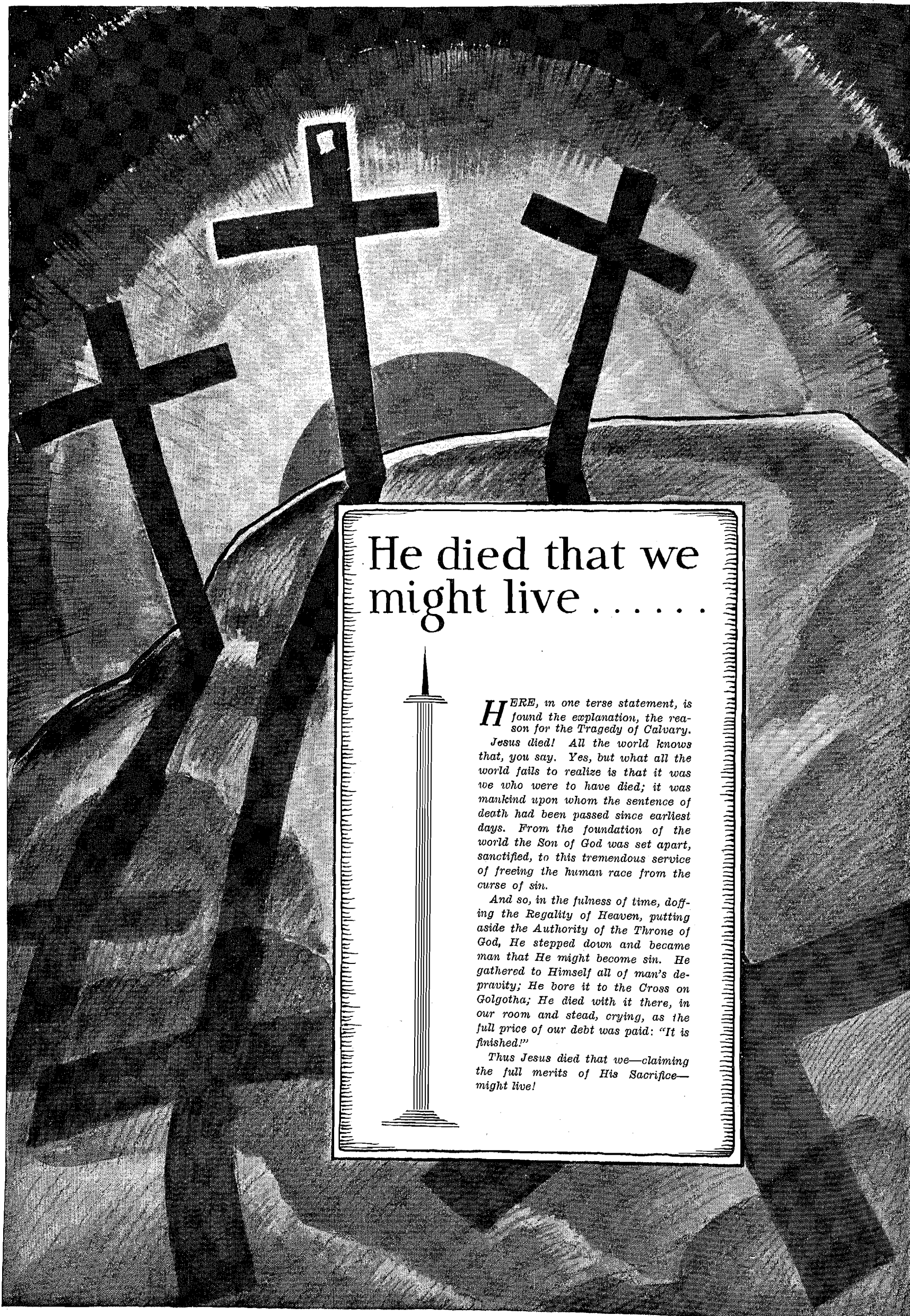


—Behold your King!

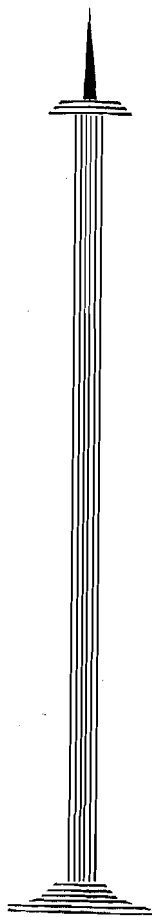
TERRITORIAL
HEADQUARTERS

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER. JAMES HAY, COMMISSIONER. EDWARD J. HIGGINS, GENERAL.

JAMES & ALBERT
STS., TORONTO



He died that we might live



HERE, in one terse statement, is found the explanation, the reason for the Tragedy of Calvary.

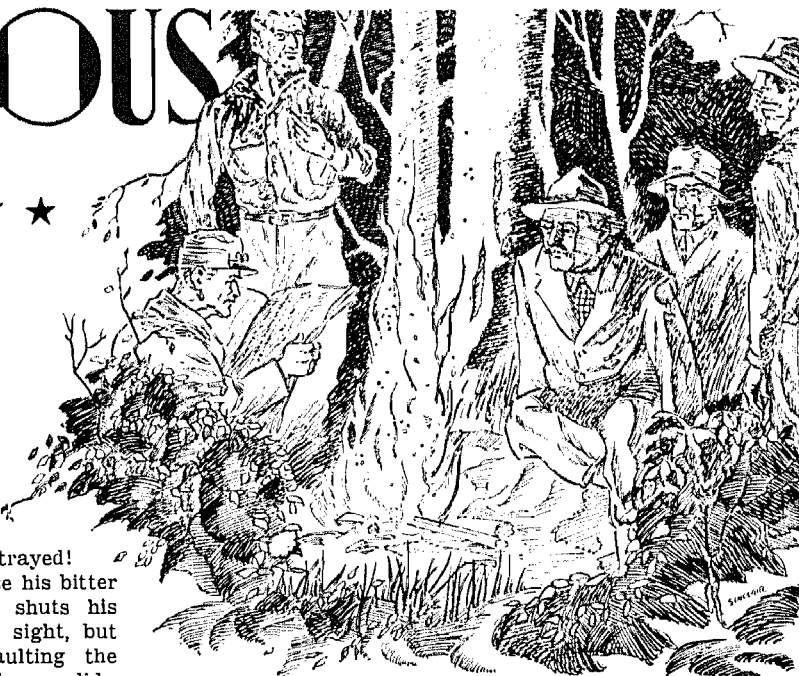
Jesus died! All the world knows that, you say. Yes, but what all the world fails to realize is that it was we who were to have died; it was mankind upon whom the sentence of death had been passed since earliest days. From the foundation of the world the Son of God was set apart, sanctified, to this tremendous service of freeing the human race from the curse of sin.

And so, in the fulness of time, doffing the Regality of Heaven, putting aside the Authority of the Throne of God, He stepped down and became man that He might become sin. He gathered to Himself all of man's depravity; He bore it to the Cross on Golgotha; He died with it there, in our room and stead, crying, as the full price of our debt was paid: "It is finished!"

Thus Jesus died that we—claiming the full merits of His Sacrifice—might live!

Krantz's GLORIOUS RESURRECTION ★ ★ ★

Out of the grave of the dead years, out from the ashes of boyhood's thwarted hopes, came Knowledge—By a miracle he was taught to read in a flash



FLAMBENT arms, tossing in brilliant defiance of the sombre night surrounding the Nova Scotian lumber camp - fire, cast strangely picturesque patches of radiant color upon the faces of the men assembled about its cheery warmth. They were a widely-assorted gathering. What talcs those features could unfold to the observer skilled in the study of human physiognomy!

Just one face will suffice for our consideration, however. There is a wistful shadow upon it. Something suggestive of thwarted, disappointed hope peeps sorrowfully out of the glinting eyes set deeply in the attractive countenance. The man is seeing pictures in the fire; in those dancing flames he visualizes his frustrated boyhood; his eager, early dreams die painfully and only ashes remain to taunt his thoughts of what might have been.

How cruel are his memories! Boyhood but just begun—barely a glimpse of happiness—and his father dies. His beautiful mother introduces to the little family another head—a step-father. What a difference ensues! Krantz is sent out to work, at seven years of age, when he longs to go to school with the other boys he knows.

Sometimes, when no order has been given for a forthcoming day, his mother encourages the boy to go to school. Gladly he sets off, only to find that the cruel step-father has planned it so, and he meets the boy ere the school-house is reached, to send him off upon some errand or to some task which precludes the possibility of acquiring education.

And so, to-day, while some of the men are reading newspapers and magazines by the glowing fire-light, Krantz is doomed to sit in the sullen silence of ignorance; he would read and enjoy the knowledge thus acquirable, but he knows not how. The defeated boy looks out from the fire-pictures and only despair is limned upon his face.

Yet there is more than despair written in the lines which trench the forehead and render expressive the mouth and eyes of Krantz, the man that boy began. Graven there for all to decipher are the hieroglyphics of sin—they mar that otherwise

pleasing presentment. No wonder Krantz turns away from the boy he has betrayed!

Making an effort to disperse his bitter cogitations, the lumber-jack shuts his eyes against the challenging sight, but the glare of the fire, assailing the down-drawn curtains of the eyelids, causes the delicate veiling tissue to present a bright red field of color, and, against that background, the silhouette of his mother!

Could he recall the wasted years, how gladly would Krantz forswear evil, if only for his mother's dear sake, for she had always been a true Christian and kind to her boy, striving ever to teach him to be good. How deeply he regretted his ready response to the environment into which he was thrown so early by his father's deliberate cruelty. But the die is cast, there is now nothing better for which to hope.

The faces in the fire undergo a transformation as Krantz stirs the crackling logs, until they throw up a very shower of sparks, and he recognizes in the fiery portrait gallery pictures of his wife and children. Ah! How goes it with them? He cannot write or read, so long intervals must needs elapse, according to his infrequent visits during certain seasons of the year, without communication between them. What if she should ask that travelling preacher to look him up again? The last time he came to the camp he tried to enlist Krantz as a soloist in his church choir. And, truth to tell, this woodsman would be an acquisition to any vocal combination; his sweet baritone voice was ever freely employed about the camp-fire.

"On my next home-visit I will see about accompanying the wife to The Salvation Army meetings," he muttered, as he turned in that night. Does that sound like an abrupt sequence? Well, it was as unexpected a decision in the mind of Krantz. Sub-conscious forces had been at work within him, however, and these, leaping to the forefront of his mental perspective, had prompted, as if ready-made, the climax to soul-cogitations

which had been long developing in this direction.

Looks of obvious amazement endorsed the unusualness of Krantz's eventual appearance, when he accompanied his wife and children to The Army Hall. In due time he yielded to the wooings of the tender Spirit of Christ, and great joy filled him as the chains of sinful habits were broken by the Conquering Saviour. Then came surging through him the desire to serve his Lord. He sang for Him and of Him; he spoke, he testified to the things he really did know; but he soon found himself longing to read the Word of God as a means of rendering greater, wider, fuller service. He had scarcely ever troubled about this inability of his before his conversion.

Let us look in on Krantz as he sits in his Nova Scotian home, one evening, a month after his great change. He is fondling a closed copy of the Bible—utterly closed to such as he—as he thinks deep thoughts so full of desire. Suddenly it is as if a voice speaks to him. He looks about him with eager glance. Somehow that voice sounds familiar; he should recognize it. Almost it appears that he has been expecting it. What does it say?

"Why don't you ask God to teach you to read His Word?"

Even yet the marvel of his conversion is as a wonderful romance to him. It is not, therefore, a bit surprising that such a suggestion should come. Krantz looks upon the Book of Books with new eyes. Raising it before him he turns his heart to Heaven.

"Lord," he whispers, "this is your Word. I believe that if I knew how to read it I should find much blessing and be able to bless others thereby." But he stopped at that point. Again comes the Voice:

"The Lord can teach you to read. Do you believe this?" Krantz does not look about him now. His face is alight with great joy. He knows that Voice at last. Four weeks before it spoke peace to his troubled soul. He lifts the Bible yet higher and he says, aloud:

"Lord, I believe You can teach me to read Your Word." In an instant, as on the former occasion when he asserted his faith, there comes an enriching sense of assurance. He knows already that he can read!

Thrilling with awe he opens the Book, and looks straight before him. The prophesy of Daniel lies plain to his vision, and the second verse of the fifth chapter catches his eyes, with the name of King Nebuchadnezzar as the focussing point. What a place at which to begin to read! What a test for his faith! Reverently we say it: What a chance for the Spirit which, Jesus said, should lead us into all truth! Krantz does not hesitate—he reads, pronouncing the words as he goes, and he begins with one of the longest words in the whole Book.

"My dear," he cries, going from the room to look for his wife; "come and listen, I can read! The Lord has taught me in a flash! It is a miracle!" And so it was. Out of the grave of the dead years; out from the ashes of boyhood's thwarted hopes; had arisen, in glorious resurrection, the knowledge so long denied him. And Krantz has read ever since. He is nowadays an acceptable special in his own Division.

—JAS. A. HAWKINS.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of

The Salvation Army

In Canada East and Newfoundland

William Booth, Founder
Edward J. Higgins, General

Commissioner James Hay
Territorial Commander

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Life from the Dead

EASTER is much earlier this year; but it can never come too early or too often; the glory of its message, which is the triumph of Christianity, can never be over-emphasized.

"Life from the dead is in that word," says the

poet, in another connection, and so it is here, with an upspringing at the heart which fears no foe because the last great enemy is conquered.

Life, in its normal expression is, however, too long to wait to test the efficacy of the work which Jesus wrought when He broke the bonds of the tomb and set death at naught.

One of the implications of the Easter story, that which prompts us to say that Easter can never come too early or too often, is that which indicates the manifestation of the power of the Son of God in the destruction of that death in life which is the work of the Devil.

For every soul, "dead in trespasses and in sin," there is hope, since our Risen Lord speaks life into the dead. "None need perish, all may live," in Him.

Therefore let us sound aloud the gracious tidings and shout, as often as the miracle is accomplished, at a thousand penitent-forms, and by as many drum-heads in open-air meetings, the joyful exclamation of the father in the parable—"He was dead, but is alive again!" Hallelujah!

O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When Christ by His almighty power
Arose and left the grave:

Now let our songs His triumph tell
Who broke the chains of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

LENTEN LILIES OF JERSEY

A Stirring Story of the Persecution of Huguenot Christians, of Sorrow and Bloodshed, of Piety and Love

DOWN through generations of Huguenot forbears had passed sorrow and fighting and piety, and—sometimes—joy, until, in the eyes of Maria Roche, they all merged into an indefinable and wistful tenderness. Just now, however, as she haughtily drew herself up before the doorway, tenderness was lost in the cold grayness of those eyes.

"Ha! She resents your love-making, Monsieur Jean. Let me try. Such a task requires skill."

The dragoon who thus spoke thrust aside several of his comrades-in-arms and approached Maria with a leering grin.

"Death and beauty—what a lovely face!" he muttered under his breath. "I'd know her—"

His sentence was never finished, for at that moment there came a cry of indignation, and a young man leaped into the crowd, driving the lewd wretch to the ground with the force of an ox. Instantly the street was in a furore.

When Norman blood is aroused its strength is incalculable. Maria watched the tossing mass in front of her doorway with eyes bewildered and alive in pain. A volley of oaths profaned the air, and with one accord the soldiers fell upon Louis Durand. An officer very soon finished the unequal combat. "Down, you Huguenot dog!" he cried, and crashed the stock of his musket upon the head of the young protector.

Maria uttered a piteous cry, and ran into the house, bolting the door behind her.

"What is it now, little one—this noise I hear? Come, tell me." It was an old man, seated in the huge chimney-corner, who made the enquiry, but he did not lift his head as he spoke.

"Oh, Grandpere, 'tis the dragoons—and—they have killed—my Louis."

Grandpere half lifted himself from his ancient

arm-chair, then fell back with a sob. "O Lord," he cried, "how long—how long shall the righteous suffer?"

Years before Grandpere Roche had been a leader in the reform movement in France, and had suffered much for his faith. But now he was old and blind. Sometimes he thought it would be better if he were dead. Then Maria would be free. But she was so tender, so kind. Evidently it was the Lord's will that he should live—a little while.

No sleep came to Maria that night. Maitresse Jortin had dropped in during the evening to describe how she had seen Louis' body being dragged through the streets. "God comfort thee, Mademoiselle," she had said in parting, but Maria could not cast the terrible vision from her mind. Not only that night, but all the succeeding week it haunted her. The pain was intensified, because she crushed her feelings lest Grandpere should sense her agony of heart.

While They Sang—a Shot!

An element of uneasiness was distinctly in the air when the Huguenots of Mortain assembled for worship, the following Sabbath evening. Louis Durand had been one of them, and his capture by the dragoons appeared ominous to the older members of the suffering community. Yet there was no diminution in attendance that evening; there was no less earnestness in prayer, no abatement in song. In fact, so vigorous was the singing of one hymn that none heard the gentle opening of the huge barn doors; not until a shot rang out, and Pastor De Lain sank to the floor, did they realize that the dreaded dragoons were actually upon them!

There was a rush for the doors, but poniards and muskets met them. Men, women and children fell before the brutal assault, until their bodies were piled one upon the other. Only a bare dozen escaped, through a side exit, and amongst them was Maria, taking with her the blind Grandpere Roche.

It was getting dusk as they sped through the fields. There was no time to go to their homes; they must fly—fly to the coast; fly from France. Maria took her grandfather by the arm and supported his stumbling body as best she could. The birds were silent. In the west the sun was making his last failing battle with the legions of night; a lowering patch of cloud loomed large in the east.

Hour after hour the flight continued. When the moon arose its pale beams shone upon the wearied refugees. In time they could gather the tang of salt sea air in their nostrils; they hailed it as the breath of freedom.

"Grandpere, you do wonderfully well," encouraged Maria, as the first sign of gray waters broke to view. "Yonder I can see the ocean, and beyond is freedom."

There was a catch in her voice as she spoke. No one knew her heart. No one knew how the vision of Louis being dragged through the streets by the cruel dragoons had followed her during the night, until she had felt that she would have to scream with the very agony of it. No one knew—but God. And He seemed so far away! Was—He—dead—too?

Dawn, gray and cold, stole upon the Huguenots just before they reached an isolated portion of the coast at St. Michael's Bay. The low plash of the waves, the screaming of the gulls, were as a symphony of hope in Maria's ears. Then she caught the long moaning of the tide, mysterious, distant, like a sonorous undertone. She shivered. Was it a threatening, a warning, another prelude?

She approached the man who had guided them during the night.

"Whither do we go now, Monsieur Bochart?"

"God protect us, Mademoiselle," Bochart replied. "I have here a little vessel which will carry us to Jersey, if He will it. There we can rest and make our private plans in safety."

He smiled upon her as he spoke. "I have expected this dragoon cloudburst for some time; hence this preparation."

Prior to boarding the vessel the fugitives knelt on the shingle, whilst blind Grandpere lifted his quavering voice in prayer.

"Gracious God," he pleaded, "who seest the wrongs to which we are hourly exposed, give us strength to support them, and to forgive in charity those who wrong us. Strengthen us from good even unto better."

In a few moments, with sails fully set, their little vessel was beating its way across the bay. Above the sighing of the wind came the sound of singing.

"I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, Therefore I will call upon Him as long as I live."

It was an ill wind that blew, and only with the utmost difficulty was the vessel kept to its course. They advanced but slowly, and though the distance was not great, evening was approaching when Jersey's rugged shoreline was first sighted.

Monsieur Bochart, who held the tiller, shaded his eyes and gazed into the gathering dusk. It has been well said that in all the world there is no coast like the coast of Jersey, so treacherous, so snarling, serrated with rocks, seen and unseen. Always man must go warily upon those waters, and Francois Bochart knew it. He laid the helm for St. Aubin's Bay, with Normant Point to his left and Town Hill on the right.

"Pray, friends, pray," he cried, "lest now, with freedom so near, we be dashed against the rocks!" But the wind caught his words in a wild fury and flung them away from the huddled group in the vessel.

"Grandpere," whispered Maria softly, "dear Grandpere, now I can see Jersey, and safety."

The old man lifted his head as though to look. "Yes, little one, safety for thee!"

As the sun sank in a mass of jagged clouds, it seemed as though the furies had been unleashed. The wind tore down like a hurricane and whipped the sea into great ugly troughs. One moment the fugitive vessel was on the top of the world—the next she was plunged into the deepest depths, with moving green walls on every side.

Helpless in the Storm

No one could speak. The loudest voice became a whisper. Once Grandpere clutched Maria's hand and tried to say something, but she couldn't understand. The wind had veered now, and the unshackled power of the storm was driving the fragile shell helplessly before it. It could not last for ever.

Every heart was uplifted in prayer when the vessel struck. With a crash, it ground itself against the ugly, black rock which jutted from the foam like a gaunt needle. The cold, swirling waters reached up hungrily for their pitiful prey.

An eternity was compressed into the next two minutes for Maria. She had a grip of Grandpere's clothing. Four surly seas caught them in their arms and bore them aloft, only to plunge them again into the ocean's hell. To live was a miracle—yet Maria lived, and she was acutely conscious of all that transpired. Her fingers were aching; the weight of Grandpere seemed to drag them from their sockets.

Now he was slipping.

"Grandpere!" she called.

Green and moaning, and tipped with foam came another wave. She could see it coming—the last.

(Continued on page 12)



The coming of the three Marys to the Tomb
(Mark 16:1)

WHAT HAS GOD DONE?

A Plain Statement showing why Jesus Died and wherein His People are called to follow Him

ONE of the most popular texts in the whole Bible is John 3:16. It reads: "Go so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." No passage in the Word of God is more frequently quoted or more loudly extolled by Christian people than this, and it certainly deserves all the attention it receives. Indeed, it is worthy of world-wide proclamation, and of being made the burden and glory of the songs of every saint on earth, of every angel in Heaven, and of every inhabitant of God's mighty universe, to-day, to-morrow, and for ever.

Now, why is this? What was it that God did for the world to justify this universal admiration?

What is actually meant by the words: "He gave His only begotten Son"?

Notwithstanding all the explanations that have been given, the facts the words are intended to proclaim are very often misapprehended, and the lessons they are intended to teach are frequently overlooked. Let me try to find out the true interpretation of this passage.

Some people make this Scripture represent God as a Being full of wrath with men on account of their sins; they teach that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ was necessary to appease that wrath, and to make God willing to save those who had sinned against Him; whereas the truth, which can be read on the face of the text, is that it was the love existing in the heart of God that prompted Him to give His Son to endure the suffering necessary to honor the law which man had broken, and to show the terrible evil of sin.

Others regard sin as a debt owing to God's broken law; they look on the suffering of Jesus Christ as the payment of that debt in full. Consequently, they think there is nothing more for them to do than believe that their debts are all paid; and they often express this by the words "Only believe, and you shall be saved." This notion makes our Salvation depend wholly upon simple belief in a doctrine, without the necessity for heart repentance for the past, believing reception of forgiveness for the present, and a life of faith and obedience for the future.

In view of these difficulties, let us inquire what is the real Bible meaning of the passage.

It is important that we should do so, and I do not think we shall find it very hard to discover. To begin with:

God, looking down on the world, saw how ignorant men were about sin, righteousness, and judgment. In order to remove this ignorance He sent His Son Jesus Christ to live upon the earth that He might instruct men more fully on this important question. He knew exactly what was necessary for men to know, and the most effective manner of imparting that knowledge.

So Jesus Christ came to be our Teacher. As John says: "In the beginning was the Word"—that is, the Son of God—"and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . And the Word was made flesh"—that is, became a man—"and dwelt among us." This was like saying that, as words reveal the thoughts and feelings of men to each other, so Jesus Christ came to be the Word of God, in order that He might reveal the thoughts and feelings of God to us, so far as those thoughts and feelings concern our everlasting welfare.

Then God, knowing how much easier it would be for man to learn the truth if he could see some one actually living out this truth before his eyes, sent Jesus, not only to be a Teacher, but to present by Example the truth He wished men to learn.

Moreover, God saw that before men could live the beautiful, holy lives presented to them by the example of Jesus Christ, their past evil doings

must be forgiven, and they must become the friends of God. But this could not be done while men thought that breaking the laws of God was a matter of small moment, and imagined that all they had to do in order to cover their transgressions was to weep and pray a little. Therefore, God said: "I Myself, will make a sacrifice that shall show the world how serious a matter sin is, and what terrible consequences follow it; and then I will pardon all who repent and truly seek My forgiveness, and cast their souls on the sacrifice made for them." So the Lord freely gave His Son to die for our sins; that gift shows the wonderful love of the Great Father.

That seems to me to be the plain and unmistakable meaning of this text.

Now, in view of this great doctrine of sacrifice and Salvation, let me come a little nearer to your hearts, and ask:

What has been the practical bearing of this love on your lives? How have you been affected by it?

Salvationists say they are followers of Jesus Christ, and that the Spirit of God dwells in them. They say that they love the world as the Father did; which means, that they love the ignorant, unkind, and bad people around them. Now is this so in reality, or is it only so much talk? God gave unmistakable proof of His love for us. What proof have we given to the world of our love to Him? What proof are we giving to-day? For example:

How much of our thought does the world's sad condition really receive?

Do we ponder over the sins and miseries, and dangers and coming doom of those around us? Do we ever meditate on these things?

Surely, the honor of God and the needs of the perishing souls around us demand a little of our time and thought! Suppose we were to set apart a few minutes every night and morning to think about the sins and sorrows of men, and of the great sacrifice God has made on their account. A quarter of an hour every day would not be thrown away, I think, in considering how far our responsibility extends with respect to them, and what additional efforts we can make on their behalf. Then, let me ask:

How much of our sympathy and compassion do we give?

Does our heart ever ache, and do our eyes ever weep, when we see men and women forgetting the love

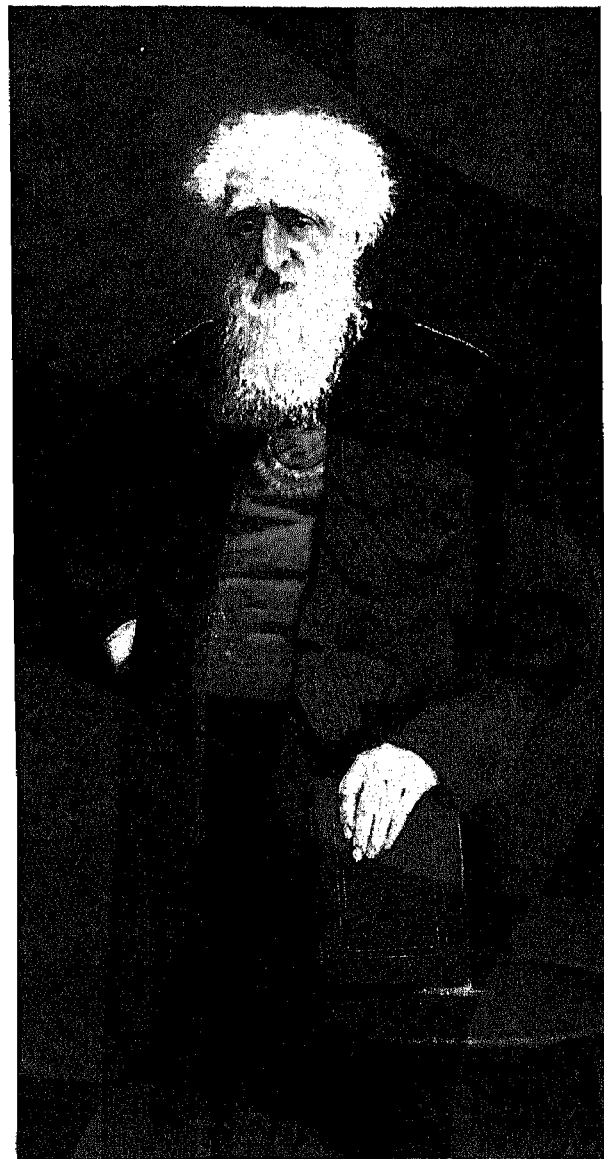
of the Father, and trampling on the Blood of His Son? Does our soul ever groan as we watch them giving themselves up to wickedness, and running down the broad, dark road that leads to destruction? How many compassionate tears does this perishing world get from us? Then, further:

How much real labor do we devote to the business of the world's Salvation?

No matter how hard we may have to toil in other ways, we ought to spend a little strength on the work of pulling poor sinners out of the fire. Really pulling them out of the fires of sin, devilry, and ruin. Pulling them out in the Open-airs—in the Hall, in their homes. Whether young or old, in season or out of season, pulling them out of the fire. The Father gave His Son for this.

Oh, my comrades, God gave His Son—His only begotten Son—to live and toil and die to save a perishing world. What have you given? What are you giving to-day?

Perhaps you are inwardly replying to my question: "I possess but small talents, and very few precious things, and very little money. What can I do?" Well, that may be quite true; and yet, if you are making the best use of what you do possess, that is all God asks; it is the royal road to acquire more. For to him that hath—that is,



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH
The Army Founder

who profitably uses what he has—more shall be given; and a man is acceptable and pleasing to God according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not.

So come along, my comrades, let us begin the giving business once again this very moment, once more giving ourselves and our loved ones to God, and resolving more than ever to spend and be spent according to our different abilities for the Salvation of the world.

THE PRICE JESUS PAID

Climb, with me, up Calvary's Hill,
View the world from this elevation.
Here revealed, God's purposeful will
Works for us all Eternal Salvation.
Lo, here a Cross, dark symbol of shame,
Crowning the height, compelling attention;
Nailed to the beam a pain-tortured frame,
Bearing for me sin's reprehension

Bleeding, crying, groaning, dying,
Bearing man's curse on the Tree,
Hangs the Saviour, our pardon purchasing—
Blest world's Redeemer is He.

See, the sun with darkness veiled!
What is this? At mid-day 'tis mid-night!
E'en the rocks, by anguish travailed,
Reel and are torn in awfulest despite.
Loosed are the dead, they wander at will—
Token of Nature's dreadful upheaval;
While on the Cross, the Son of God still
Suffers, ensuring man's reprieve!

A BANDIT'S LOST OPPORTUNITY

T WAS AN ill-assorted trio, in very deed, upon which fell the eyes of the stranger. Their conversation, so roughly expressed as to two of them, so cultured, if somewhat reckless, as to the third, had awakened the other, in this early morning hour, as he lay in the shelter of a pile of rocks fringing the road linking Jerusalem with Jericho.

An unwilling eavesdropper the stranger recognized that the motif of the heated talk going forward amongst the trio by the roadside was robbery—the robbery of a belated caravan, now due to approach this fold in the road on its way to Jerusalem. The two older men were obviously desperate characters, well-versed in ways of crime; but the third was in striking contrast with his uncouth confederates. He was a handsome young fellow, though his natural refinement was sadly marred by the painful effort he made to appear one with the villains with whom he consorted. He gave every indication of becoming an apt pupil in outlawry.

Standing, unobserved, in the cold dawn-light, the stranger presented an even more challenging figure. About thirty years of age, his appearance was calculated, no matter by what company he might be surrounded, to arrest every beholder. Erect of carriage, he was above average height, his hair and beard a rich chestnut in color, his eyes of a transparent blue, his forehead singularly impressive, by reason of its breadth and intelligent sensitiveness. His hands so delicately fashioned, though marked by evidences of toil, were not marred thereby, even as the aesthetic qualities of the lissom figure lost nothing from the tensing of the muscles consequent upon vigorous industry in which, the discerning eye could detect, he had whole-heartedly engaged himself.

"Judge thou whether or not we are given to words which carry our meaning," came the gruff voice of a burly ruffian. "But we can promise that it will go ill with thee if thou failest in thy approach to this caravan. Our plans are well laid; look thou to it that no fault of thine shall rob us of our spoil."

"Out on thee," growled his rude fellow; "that is no way to encourage this stripling in his first big venture with us! He will do well, for thou hast counselled him fully, and he has the heart for it! Fear not! Let us to our points of cover." And without further ado the cut-throats retired to their hiding places. The stranger slowly approached the youthful watcher. But not noiseless was his advent, lest he should startle him.

OUR CLAIM ON JESUS

It is, as Colonel Weerasooriya said, just before he passed away to God, from his little Indian cottage, "The Cross is the attraction." It was the Cross that revealed the love of Christ—for it was His love and not the nails that really bound Him to the tree. It was on Calvary He died in His murderers' stead. It is His death, and His death alone, that gives us our personal claim on His power and mercy and grace.—W.B.B.

Striking meeting in the dawn-light between Jericho and Jerusalem—"I fain would have helped thee; but thou wouldst not!"—
An ancient legend re-told in modern language

"Young man, thou art early abroad." His voice had a thrilling vibrance; yet it robbed the young footpad of alarm. Nevertheless he was preoccupied in his response to the stranger's advances. What if this appearance should embarrass the plan he and his companions had on hand? Yet, as they talked—or, at any rate, the newcomer spoke, for the conversation was largely one-sided; but never spake man more remarkably—the young bandit found himself slowly, but surely, being fascinated by an indefinable "something" in the manner of the man; the unusual depth of feeling in his mode of expression, perhaps; the wondrous penetration of the glance of his eye, maybe.

More by unspoken word than by any choice utterance which fell at this time from those crisply-bearded lips; more by the inference caught from a slow, deep-searching look emanating from those unfathomable, all-seeing orbs, he won the confidence of the young man, while, none the less, he gradually insinuated his knowledge of the plans now in operation. Not for one moment, however, was there any faintest suggestion of indelicacy; almost, in fact, there was a hint of apology for having overheard.

Couching his expressions in delightfully apt phrase; his tones disarming in the extreme; the stranger appealed to the young bandit to forsake the ways of evil upon which he had but newly entered; showing him, moreover, that this way, which seemed right unto him, in his anxiety to win speedy wealth, had for its inevitable end the ways of death.

"One is not alone in this thing," said the young robber, hesitating to abandon his companions, yet willing now to be won over from his wild courses. Just at that instant the figure of a man was silhouetted against the brightening eastern sky and, when a peculiar low whistle was heard, the young fellow reluctantly parted from the stranger. He did but stay long enough to inquire the name of his counsellor.

"Let me know of whom I am to think when these words of thine write themselves before my sleepless eyes, in characters of fire, upon the curtain of the darkest night," said he.

"Let it suffice thee that one Jesus, a carpenter of Nazareth, strove to lead thee aright!" The name conveyed no special meaning to the novitiate in crime.

"Ever shall I dwell upon these words; but I am in a strait place. And now I must away. Think not too hardly of my cowardice," and he was gone to join his fellow-conspirator.

The stranger turned sadly aside and, with a deep sigh, proceeded on his way. Looking back upon the lithe figure of the thief he saw the third of the party advance towards them calling aloud, as he scrambled down the hillside:

"Barabbas! Barabbas! To thy post! The caravan draweth near!"

"So that is his name," the stranger whispered as he moved away in the direction of a little town nestling amongst the hills. "Barabbas! When, and in what fashion, shall we meet again? I fain would have helped thee; but thou wouldst not!"

—T.J.W.H.

WE MUST HOLD ON!

"WE MUST hold on to the Atonement because of the marvellous revelation it conveys of the love of God to man. We have proof of it in the Salvation and preservation of His people, in their Sanctification, warfare, and final triumph over death and Hell. It was the manifestation of Jesus Christ upon the cross in anguish and blood which made all this glory possible. If you want to know the love of God, go and look at Him dying on the tree!

"We must hold on to the Atonement because it supplies the spirit and incentive to love God in return.

"We must hold on to the Atonement because of the picture it presents of the majesty of the Divine law, and the importance of its maintenance.

"We must hold on to the Atonement because of the door of mercy that it flings open for all mankind.

"We must hold on to the Atonement because of the revelation it makes of the evil of sin.

"We must hold on to the Atonement because of the example the Saviour's character furnishes for imitation.

"We must hold on to the Atonement because of the material, moral, mental and spiritual blessings that stream from it throughout the world.

"We must hold on to the Atonement because of the fullness of the Holy Spirit's influence it has made possible to men."

—THE ARMY FOUNDER.

The man who walked with Judas

He sent them forth two and two . . .
Judas Iscariot and —

HIS name has long been blotted from the book Save on that page, where they must needs recall The night when Judas sold the Prince of Life. But I—and if I sin may God forgive!— Still think of days and nights in Galilee When he with me went forth to heal the sick And preach the instant coming of the King. I see him now, as when we ventured forth, With torches in our hands as heralds go To light the beacons on the mountain-tops, That all the land might know the King was come. And, Oh, the rapture! when the Master's word In us became fulfilled, and at our touch The lame men walked, the deaf began to hear. And when the night had fallen he would speak Of coming days; and how he longed to share The gladness and the splendor of the Court, When Jesus to His own at last should come. And when I hear of that betrayal night, I think of other nights when we were young; And at the feet of Christ I cry in fear, "Let me not fall, as he, my comrade, fell." And walk into the night as Judas walked."

—Edward Shillito.

DARKNESS AND THE DAWN

"The supposed failure of Golgotha was the most astounding success the Universe had known"

By Commissioner James Hay

THE GREATEST SUNBURST ever known to the ages was preceded by darkness — "There was darkness over all the land." The condition of Europe, prior to the high effulgence of the Reformation, was grossly dark, and moral tone and spiritual expectation were almost hopelessly lost. The apostasy of Israel ten times repeated made for a darkness of mind and a willing consorting with spiritual wantonness such as might have made ten Isaiahs to despair.

It is indeed said of England, at the dawn of the eighteenth century, that she was alarmingly decadent, and nothing better appeared likely for the near future.

And it was so in the days immediately prior to the uprising of The Salvation Army in England. Anyone knowing the East of London of those days, or, indeed, the life of the poor and depraved and godless of any of the great cities of Britain, must admit the analogy. It is always so. The darkest hour is just before the dawn.

Means more than Christmas

The brightest festival of Christianity is Easter—the Resurrection. Is it not even greater, and does it not mean even more than the birth of Christ? And yet it was set in such a dark background, that nothing short of the infinite wisdom and presence of the Divine could know the end from the beginning, or gain even a glimmer of the glorious day that was soon to be.

The night of Calvary was dark and gloomy. Everything surrounding it was cheerless. The people were dismayed and disheartened nationally. The religious spirit was only prominent by reason of its lack of real religion, and its funereal attention to formality and tradition. The might of Rome was final, or appeared to be. Complacency had branded everything, even in the highest circles. Alas, though many had been blessed physically, and cheered immeasurably by Christ's life and work, they, for the nonce, were wanting, as not even the handful of disciples, whom the Saviour had gathered around Him, believed other than that the end of all things had come. Indeed, two near and close disciples got no farther, even in His presence, than that they had "trusted it had been He who would have redeemed Israel."

Spiritual Distress and Unbelief

To all it appeared that the greatest light that had shone had vanished—that the highest Teacher that had ever spiritually guided Israel had been silenced—that the healing, tender hands of the most compassionate "Brother born for adversity,"

who "Himself bore our sorrows," had been nailed to a cross — that His life had been ended. And what now? There was darkness over all the land, the physical darkness being second to the spiritual distress and unbelief that lay like a black pall over all. The mysterious culminating anguish of the dying Christ, and His cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" were before their minds and ringing in their ears. Was it then any wonder, humanly speaking, that the night of Calvary was one of gloom?

And yet the supposed failure of Golgotha was the most astounding success the universe had known. Millions yet unborn were blessed potentially and provided for eternally by the virtue of that terrible hour.

Demonstration of Resurrection Force

Earth's supposed failures have often proved to be Heaven's successes. God's last word had appeared to be Death, but soon we find it is not so, it is Resurrection! In three short days the scene is changed—in three short days the scattered disciples are rallied. Is it not so, that precedent to declaration and demonstration of resurrecting force, doubting disciples must first be recovered to faith and hope? In three short days opposers are cowed, unbelievers are almost compulsorily brought to faith, and Roman authority, to say nothing of the Priests, is faced by an undeniable fact—the greatest fact of the world's moral history—Jesus died, but Jesus has arisen from the dead! "There was darkness," but now in God's infinite wisdom, and in His way, the fiat goes forth, "Let there be Light!"

Rapidly the focussing powers of the new faith assert themselves; confidently the once fearful take their stand, and soon we see the Apostles, teachers, healers, and evangelists, standing up in Resurrection phalanx testifying that Jesus is the living Christ: "We speak that we do know!" they assert. They had arrived in a new world of light, forerunners of the millions who already have, and the millions more who will yet take their stand in like manner to usher in the triumph of Jesus.

Easter Hope is Overwhelming

Darkness — then Dawn — and such a dawn! Are we making the most of it? Are we warming to it and declaring it and rousing all for it as we should? Easter hope is overwhelming, even as its prelude of despair was throughout that terrible night. Someone has said that there is "A close race between Christianity and catastrophe." Has it not always been so? But when followers of Christ are faithful and

baptized with the Holy Ghost, Christianity—that is Christ—conquers, and spiritual chaos is cast out. Alas, that Christ's followers so terribly disappoint Him by their unfaithful conduct.

Even as darkness preceded the tremendous event of the Resurrection of Jesus, so in varying forms and degrees all spiritual recovery of our own day is set in a frame of hopeless and cheerless surroundings. This to the unbelieving is sure proof that "We cannot improve things." "Things are going from bad to worse," they say. These and similar groanings have been common talk prior to the great spiritual upheavals of the past centuries. Surely the last four alone testify to this!

The condition of Europe immediately prior to the shining of the bright stars of the Reformation — was that not gloomy indeed? The state of England alone provides abundant evidence that this was sadly true. Why then be disconsolate because, for the moment, irreligion and prayerlessness appear to prevail, and worldliness sways the mass? Why weaken in teaching, living, fighting, and hoping because fruit is momentarily denied, and iniquity waxes strong? This is a time for faith, and still more faith. This is a day of test and trial, maybe; but it is surely a day for mighty praying and prevailing faith and holy persistence. To those who persevere, and to those alone, will the victory ultimately come. But it is coming now, and signs that it is so are not wanting. Do you not see the cloud?

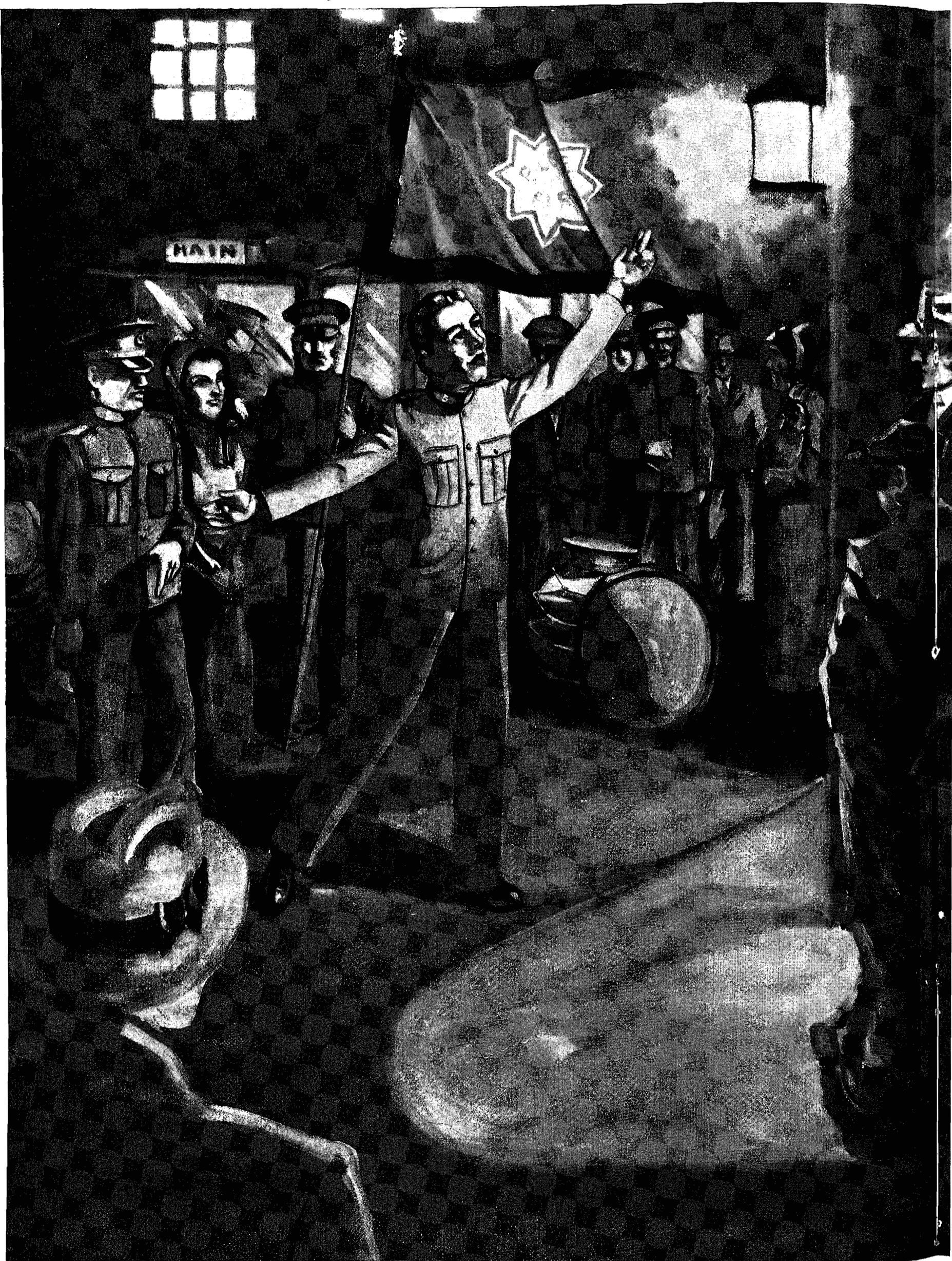
Not Satisfied with Things of Earth

One has said, "God governs man through the Regency of Hope." What expression of the Divine will to us is possible if we are faint-hearted and hopeless? We must hope more, even as we fight more. Things are not what they appear to be. Men's hearts are not, and cannot be, either in the units or in the mass, satisfied with things of earth, even though we must admit they frequently greedily seek them. Let us faithfully do our duty; never let us be found asleep and unable to respond to our Lord's call to arise and build — to go forth and shine—to "thrust in the sickle and reap."

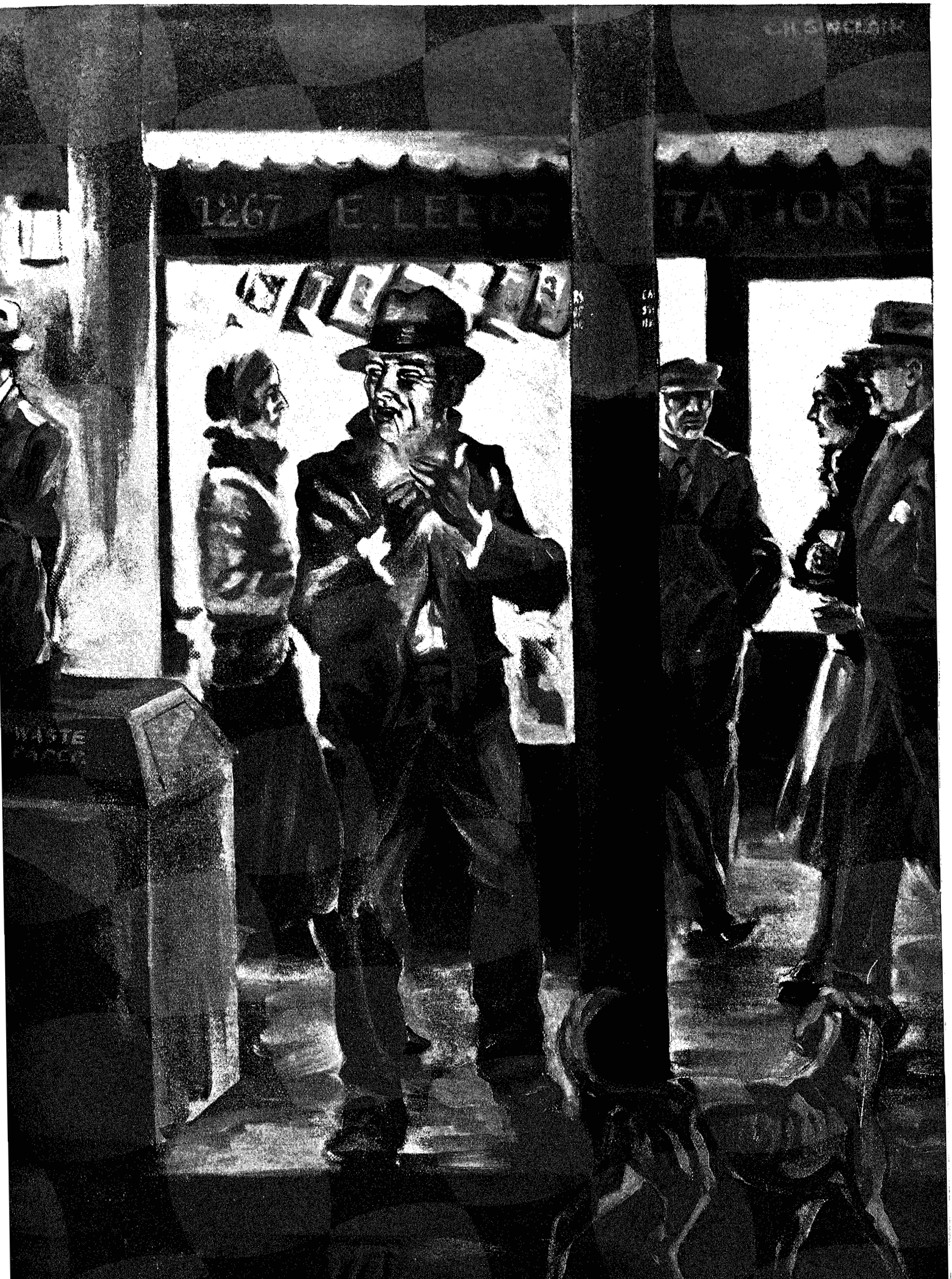
Depend upon it, if we fail to go on exercising faith and imparting it, a night of gloom will settle on our souls, and our condition may well be worse than in our former unregenerate state.

It is clearly our duty to "keep ourselves in the love of God," and to "maintain the good works" and service God has appointed for us. To this end we must summon every

(Continued on page 14)



THE RESURRECTION MESSAGE.—Our artist here shows, with thrillingly realistic touch, how The Army's open-air challenge seizes



the attention of the casual listener, awakening him in an instant, so that the re-active Miracle begins at once to work in his soul

PONTIUS PILATE'S CHALLENGE

THOSE acquainted with the history of Christ's trial, remember when, where, and in what manner Pontius Pilate gave expression to the challenge, "Behold Your King!" The Roman Governor knew Jesus to be an innocent man, and after having racked his brain for every conceivable excuse whereby he might let Him go, tried this last effort. See him, therefore, marshalling Jesus before the people, waving an emphatic arm, and declaiming, "Behold Your King!" But the reader will know the story; it needs not to be repeated here. It were more profitable to ask in what way do those words affect us to-day?

First we need to know: Was He a King? Yes, in very surety—the King made manifest in a man. Just as those words were uttered on that dark day in the history of the human race! just as the King was made manifest in a man at that critical moment, so is the King made manifest to-day.

As I walk along the country roads, the very birds cry out to me: "Behold Your King." They are quick of flight, sweet in tone, wonderful in appearance, and I see the King made manifest in a bird. I pick a violet and its sweetness, simplicity, fragrance and beauty cry out again: "Behold Your King." I look into the mirror and I see a man—a wonderful being endowed with life and with energy pulsating through amazing, tiny channels called veins. Nothing on earth can be compared with him; he can make, break, and create all manner of interesting things; he has a dominion over land and sea; the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field are subject to his will; he has magnificent senses, and in addition a Free Will, to do, or not to do, just as he pleases, and when I stand and gaze at him, there rings within my ears those impressive words: "Behold your King, made manifest in His creation—Man."

In the bedroom of the young mother I pause by

How do his words affect us to-day? They come to us clearly as ever:

"BEHOLD YOUR KING!"

her side to gaze upon a little form, twitching with the thrilling vibration called nerves; it cries, it clutches, it kicks, and, as though it had been there for years, and knew all about the place, it snuggles around until it finds a source of food, its mother's breast; and though that little bundle of life cannot tell me, I hear only too plainly repeated again: "Behold your King, made manifest in life." The mother, as she draws that baby to her, caressing, soothing, and fondling it to sleep once more, causes me to see my King, made manifest in mother-love.

Come to the sick chamber, where life is fast ebbing out. I hear the doctor's fateful words; a white sheet is drawn over that now lifeless form; and as we bow our heads and walk away, amid the piercing cries of the bereaved, I hear again those words: "Behold your King, made manifest in death."

The Power to be, the birds, the flowers, love and all things beautiful and good, He gave, and in the giving proclaimed to us that He was King, and in the taking way He proclaims once more, the greatness of His might. What do we answer to all this? Is our response to be: "Away with Him"? Do we answer by a careless and indifferent life? If so, then our eyes have become veiled to the beauty of the violet, and the whiteness of the lily; our sense of smell will be deprived of the fragrance of the roses; our hearts will lose all love of purity and goodness, and our lives will become all barren ground where only stubble remains, and that to rot and decay.

Let us rather rejoice in our King, who, being made manifest in so many ways, speaks plainly of

His Power and Authority. Therefore, let us find in Him our Shield and Hiding-place, and we shall be enabled to show forth in our lives, and by the example we give, that love which envieth not and is kind; humility such as He showed when He bathed His disciples' feet; and long-suffering, which He exemplified to the very last, when He said: "Father forgive them." Purity and beauty will be

King of all the Kings!

(SEE OUR FRONTISPIECE)

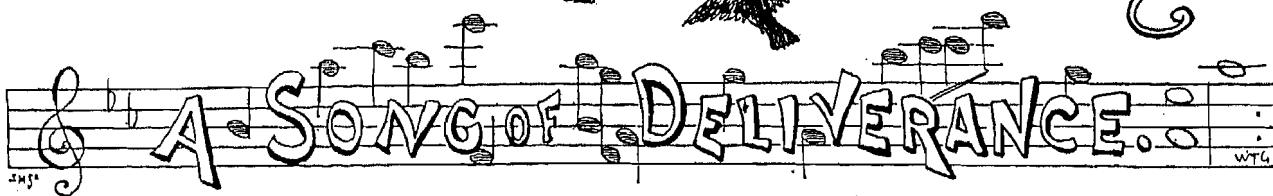
'Tis not often that such an interpretation is put upon the challenge uttered by Pontius Pilate as that given by our artist on the front cover of this issue. Usually the viewpoint taken by the writer of the article appearing on this page, and in the midst of which this panel is set, serves and the appeal which the Roman governor made to the Jews is offered to "all who have ears to hear."

A new dignity is applied to the Central Figure of Christianity, however, when we think of Him amongst the kings of all time. He seizes the imagination, with instant right to the position, as outshining them every one, for they did but serve their day, while He—He shall reign for ever and ever.

Something more, even than this, was at the back of our artist's mind when he
(Continued on page 14)

in all our actions, so shall others, as they look at us, hear the words more plainly yet: "Behold your King, made manifest in this my faithful servant."
—R.W.

Easter Sunday Morning



"OUR FATHER—in Heaven, hallowed—Thy Kingdom—er The Lord's—er—My Shepherd, I'll not want it. Er—Give us—daily bread—er—Thine is—er—the glory, f'rever 'n ever, Amen!"

Thus George Precious, on two or three occasions, when, following a drinking spell, the fact of his cruelty to his brave little wife and children had come home to him.

"How d'yer get quit of it anyhow?" he had growled, again and again, and, up to date, he had found no remedy for the evil, no, not even his unsuccessful attempts to say the Lord's Prayer. There is no magic in a mere form of words, and George had not learned the secret of true repentance, which makes quick and powerful the most halting utterance of the contrite spirit.

Far from failing totally, however, George found assurance and courage to tackle his drink devil and he mastered him, too; but there remained the greater question of seek-

ing life from the death of sin. Here he seemed to be entirely in the dark.

Sometimes he accompanied his wife to mission services, and there he was faithfully dealt with, but no light broke in upon his troubled soul. Every fresh visitor who came to the Hall was sent to try his hand on the obdurate one, till at last someone said to him:

"Well, George, you've been to us for a long time. You ought to go somewhere else for a change!"

Meanwhile Emma kept on praying and believing for him, and she was always trying to bring him under some fresh influence, and to get somebody new to talk with him.

"Emma, do you never go to The Salvation Army? They've got a lovely Band," said a sister, one day. Emma did not know much about The Army, but a new idea took possession of her. Perhaps they could do something for George.

Accordingly he was beguiled to a

meeting, on the plea that the sister wanted "to see what they were like."

"Will you go?" whispered Emma, as the Captain pleaded for those who wanted Salvation to come to the front.

"No, of course I won't," answered George angrily. "Do you think a man's a mackerel?"

Though he didn't respond that night, he found it impossible to withstand the appeal not so many nights after. Indeed, he went again and again, but going brought no rest to his troubled soul. He was sure now that he was too bad and too black for God to save him, still, he continued to go to The Army.

"I'm going to an All-Night of Prayer to-night, Emma," he said on Good Friday morning to his wife.

"I don't much care what you do, so long's you find Jesus," she answered. It was close to Saturday midnight before George appeared again. Emma was sitting putting a few last stitches in the children's clothes. George open-

ed the yard door and looked out. It was a gloriously starlight night, and he gazed above the chimney-pots and roofs into the brightness beyond.

It was a very unusual thing for George to take any interest in nature, so strange that it puzzled himself.

"Emma," he said at length, "I can't think what's come to me. I feel so light. I can't make it out. I think I'll go up to The Army in the morning. They've got what they call Knee-drill." He went to bed, and next morning was at the Hall in good time.

The meeting opened with "Precious Jesus, oh, to love Thee," and while the Captain read it out, verse by verse, he explained the true meaning of Easter. George listened eagerly. It was not enough for Christ to have risen from the grave, He must also rise in a man's heart, if that man was to know the full intention of the Resurrection.

"Lo, a new creation dawning," read the Captain.

"Lo, I rise to life divine;

In my heart an Easter morning, I am Christ's and Christ is mine."

The words went home to George. It was quite true. Christ had risen, risen in even his poor sinful heart. That was the meaning of the peace and joy which had filled his soul; yes, he was Christ's and Christ was his.

It was the dawning of a new creation to George, and he turned home to tell the good news to Emma.

It is now seven years since the Easter light flooded George's soul; and, ever since then, it has shone brightly, even lighting other dark souls to the Cross and Calvary's Saviour; to the Risen Lord of Light and Glory.

What do you SEE?

An Important Easter Inquiry

There is a world of difference between sight and insight—Spiritual apprehension may be assisted by this seasonable article
By **THE CHIEF SECRETARY**

AN ARTIST and a merchant stood on a hill-side, witnessing a wonderful sunset over a thickly-wooded country.

"Isn't it glorious?" said the artist, after a long silence.

"Yes," the merchant replied; "allowing for felling and transportation, it ought to work out at 60c. a foot. It's fine timber!"

Some people look at great facts with their eyes while others look with their souls. Some only see the outside of things, and thereby often misinterpret them. While others, seeing below the surface, discover truth and beauty unseen by the mere looker. As in Wordsworth's "Peter Bell"—

"The primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

It is the difference between sight and insight; between the eyes of the flesh and the eyes of the spirit; between things temporal and things spiritual.

On the first Easter, very early in the morning, three people came to the Holy Sepulchre—Mary Magdalene, Peter and John.

The Scripture story tells us that Mary was the first at the grave, and, seeing the empty tomb, hastened to inform the other disciples, who hurried to the sepulchre. These three all saw what had taken place, but there were great differences in what they saw, and in the effect which it had upon them.

Mary Magdalene saw the stone taken away, and, in fear and confusion, she cried, "They have taken away my Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him." It was the cry of a soul face to face with a situation it could not interpret. To Mary it was an empty tomb, and nothing else. She realized nothing of the nearness of her Lord, or of the fulness of life

made possible by what she saw. She was gazing at what, to her, was a final tragedy, little realizing that, if she could but have seen it correctly, she was the privileged witness of a supreme miracle.

"They have taken away my Lord," said Mary. Her fear conjured up loss, when, could she but have seen it, her Lord was near—the living Lord of the Resurrection.

Mary represents a large community to-day—materialistic and unreflective—seeing only the surface of things, and perplexed by incorrect conclusions, little realizing that if they had eyes to see, that which is now their perplexity would be their joy and strength.

The story proceeds. Peter and John ran to the sepulchre, John outrunning Peter, but Peter was first inside. He saw the stone rolled away—and more! He "noticed" (Moffatt) the linen clothes and folded napkin, but, finding himself unable to come to any conclusion, "departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass."

Peter is the type of those who see and theorize, who wonder, but do not know; those to whom the Resurrection and much of what Christ stands for is but another insoluble problem—to wonder at, maybe, but not to apprehend.

There was yet another witness of this early morning scene. "John went in also."

He had loved, and, although but dimly understanding, he had trusted Him Whom he loved, and now, with true instinct and clear insight, he not only saw what Mary had observed, and that which Peter had noticed, but, in a flash of understanding, he saw—and believed!

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible."

Such conclusions are not reached by sight, merely, or by logic or reason. Mary and Peter had access to all the material facts of the empty tomb, but John had something more, and it was with that "something more" that he saw and believed.

It is the spiritual sense, the faith born of love, which brings an inward realization of things hoped for and is the evidence of things not seen.

We see—but how?

Are the great truths of the Scripture, and the great facts of Christ, mere theories to us, or do we see—and believe?

Is there in us—in you, in me—this sense of a Presence, this spiritual apprehension of God's promises, which enables us, in the darkest hour, to trust where we cannot trace; which enables us, in the strength of full confidence, to say—"My Lord and my God."

"Lord, make Calvary real to me,
Lord, make Calvary real to me;
Open mine eyes to see victory in Christ
for me.
Lord, make Calvary real to me."



JESUS, BEFORE CAIAPHAS: "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power!"

[Autotype Fine Art Company]

THE GLORY OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST

THE Cross of Christ stands at the centre of the fact of Salvation. When the Founder was asked on one occasion what he considered was the main, the central point of Salvation Army teaching, he flashed forth the answer, without a moment's hesitation: "The Bleeding Lamb." "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." "Christ died for our sins."

The Cross of Christ is the centre of gravity in the Christian world. Everything with which a Christian has to do is drawn to the Cross, and tested by the Cross. The Christian's creed, conduct and character must all be in accordance with the spirit and principles of the Cross. The Cross of Christ has a meaning which embraces the thought of Salvation for all men and for all times. "He made peace through the blood of His cross."

What a mighty challenge there is in the Cross of Christ: It is much more than a legal transaction; there is in it the nature of a moral appeal. It is a Divine challenge to men, and it is calculated to win their hearts. It charges men with guilt. When John Newton saw "One hanging on a tree," he says:

"My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there."

When one, who has been, for a quarter of a century, a Salvation Army Officer, was under conviction of sin, he saw, as in a vision, the figure of Christ being nailed to the cross by one whose face he could not see. He felt within himself what a cruel wretch the man was to do such a thing; but as he looked the man turned his face towards him and he saw his own likeness. The Cross charged him with guilt, his heart was broken, he cried for mercy and was blessedly saved.

Yes, the Cross calls men to repentance. "The goodness of God leads to repentance," says St. Paul, and in the Cross of Christ we see the goodness of God in its highest form. Love is the greatest thing in the world, and "God is Love," and "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Further, the Cross of Christ claims our allegiance. It was when Count Zinzendorf, as he passed through the room at Dusseldorf, saw the picture of the bleeding Christ, with the subscription: "I did this for thee, what hast thou done for Me?" that he dedicated his life to the service of his crucified Lord.

Again, what an offence there is in the Cross of Christ! The pride of the natural heart is offend-

side, for on this am I," he may expect that men will be amazed at the separation and will scoff because of it; but he must be "dumb to the scorn, and turn on the laughter only the dominance of earnest eyes."

Because of being driven to seek the lowest the Cross will be an offence to some. "Why go after these low people?" a Parsi said to me, one day; "there are plenty of high-class people you might reach; but these untouchables—!"

"Sir," I said, "this is the very class of people for which The Army largely exists." Let us never be offended at the thought of seeking the poorest, the lowest and the lost.

Just think for a moment of the glory of the Cross. The Cross of Christ may be a man's final stumbling-block, or it may be his only glory. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," said Paul; and Sir John Bowring, Unitarian though he was, could not but sing:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

The Cross holds within itself the true meaning of everything Christian; it smites and destroys the evil; it makes and upholds the good.

It is an example of Divine righteousness. It demonstrates God's consistency with His own character. It shows that whilst God loves sinners, He respects the law of righteousness. It is an example of Divine love. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." The Cross may have been intended for Christ as a place of shame, but it has become a throne, and from the Cross Christ reigns. The fact that he died for our sins turns the shame of the Cross into honor. The lifting up unto death has become a lifting up unto glory. "And He shall reign for ever and ever."

Yield up your life to the Christ of the Cross. His death shall bring you life, and when He shall appear, then shall you also appear with Him in glory.

—H. PIMM SMITH, Brigadier, Bombay, India.

INTENDED
AS A PLACE
OF SHAME
IT HAS BECOME A THRONE
FROM
WHICH
REIGNS
THE SON
OF GOD

ed by the sentiment of such a song as "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe." This song may not cover the whole ground of the experience of Salvation, but what it does cover is fundamental. No man can save himself, nor can he do anything to merit Salvation; yet the pride of his heart rebels against the thought of Another doing it for him.

The separation from the world which is involved in the principle of the Cross is another cause of offence to men. When a man, moved by the separateness of Christ, takes his stand beside Christ and says to the man of the world: "Stand thou on that

"THE LORD IS RISEN!"

"THE LORD is risen!" That is the old, old Easter greeting. It was the message the Angels gave to the women who came early to the sepulchre that first Easter morn; it was taken by the women to Peter and John, and they in turn told others. The words must have been startling, almost bewildering, to those sorrowing disciples, but it was a message which changed their sorrow into joy.

They had seen Him whom they had loved and trusted, the Saviour-King of all the world, despised, rejected, put to death. But He had come again, to tell them He still loved them; to show them that though sin and death had done their worst, He was stronger than all. He could say: "I am He that liveth and was dead, and am alive for ever more."

So Easter became the happiest, gladdest day in the Christian's year.

Had you and I been there one Easter Day in those early times when the Gospel was first being preached in lands across the sea, we should have seen our Lord's followers getting up before sunrise, stealing along the still, dark streets to their secret meeting-place, and, as they met, quietly saying, as if it were the best and most beautiful secret in the whole wide world: "The Lord is risen."

In some countries it is still the custom for Christians so to greet each other on Easter Morn; in every country Christians lift glad songs because "The Lord is Risen."

LENTEN LILIES of JERSEY

(Continued from page 4)

It bore her up—up—up! Grandpere was gone, dragged away from her torn fingers. Then she fell. It was like a dream, when one falls eternally into a black, bottomless abyss. . .

In the half-living moments between sleep and wakefulness, Maria went through it all again. She heard the swift, hissing ripple of the water, the thud of the vessel against the rocks—she felt the cold chill of the seas.

Then she opened her eyes. She was in bed, and alone in a strange room. She tried to call, but her voice refused to obey. A door opened as she closed her eyes again.

"She sleepeth still," said a woman's voice, in quaint French. Once more Maria opened her eyes, and the woman cried: "No, no—she is awake—Monsieur, see!"

And there—framed in the doorway—stood Louis Durand.

Maria closed her eyes. It was a dream. She would awake soon. But no—he was speaking now, the same strong, firm voice.

"You have come to me, Maria," he was saying softly. "I found you on the beach. Oh! Praise be to God; you have come to me."

She opened her eyes in questioning

wonderment—in partial realization.

"Do not speak," he warned, "you are too weak. Some day I shall tell you all. You see—I wasn't killed—I escaped the dragoons. They were going to make me a galley-slave—but I fled hither. Now you have come!"

Maria's mind was still struggling for comprehension. She looked about the room until her eyes rested upon a fragrant mass of Lenten lilies. Louis followed her gaze, and smiled.

"Lenten lilies," he whispered. "Next Sunday is Easter."

"Yes." Maria spoke for the first time. "Lenten lilies speak of hope. I had thought you dead. But now you are alive. This day is my faith resurrected. There was a time when I thought that God must be dead, too—now I know He lives. We are free, Louis, free!"

She paused, then added softly, "And so is dear Grandpere, free with his Risen Lord."

—C. D. WISEMAN.

Where Shall I Find An Easter Morn?



"Where shall I find Him," did you say?
"My Lord whom sin hath hid away,
And left me lonely in the way!"
On your knees.

"Where shall I see His face once more
As erst I did all smiling o'er
Stand at my heart's wide-open door?"
On your knees.

"Where shall I hear His precious voice
To bid me come—make Him my choice—
And ever in His love rejoice?"
On your knees.

"Where shall I make my spirit pure,
That shall His sacred glance endure,
And all His favors rich ensure?"
On your knees.

Where shall I seek the heavenly dower
To speak His praise at every hour
With the Holy Ghost inspiring power?"
On your knees.

Where shall I find an Easter Morn
Whose light shall all my soul adorn
And give to others Hope new-born?"
On your knees.

—G.O.

The Portrait of The Founder

(See page 5)

The portrait of The Army Founder which illustrates page five is the work of an artist whose delightful presentations appear with happy frequency on the front page of "The War Cry" published in Berlin, Germany. This particular picture has never previously been used in Army publications. We hope it will be cut out; mounted and framed and hung in the home of every reader.

THEY CRYCIFY TO THEMSELVES THE SON OF GOD AFRESH

Prologue: "Hear the Parable"

"Tis only a legend, a fancy maybe;
For none can tell
It e'er befel.
But we trace there a lesson, a
truth we can see.



Hearken its story, read the truth
therein vested;
Temptation's hour
Will surely lower,
Faith, Hope and Love to the
utmost be tested.

Cries and shouts and shrieks resounding,
Faith and Hope and Love abounding,
Praises unto God redounding,
Glory!

I.

"Art thou not also one of His disciples?"

Swift adown the Appian Way,
Back he turned him on the fray;
Far behind the city lay,

Peter.



Blood of martyrs ever falling,
Saints to Heaven hourly calling,
Roman legions fierce, appalling,
Peter.

Thousand darts his soul assailed,
Fear and shame with him prevailed.
"I am with you," naught availed.
Nothing.

"Tried and tempted sore am
I,
From temptation now I fly,
Ne'er again my Lord deny.
Never."

Swift adown the Appian
Way,
Back he turned him on the
fray;
Far behind the city lay,
Peter.

II.

"Broad is the way that
leadeth to destruction."
Away from the Coliseum,
where beasts claim their
prey;
Where saints Heaven's
heights are scaling—
A rough and rugged
way.

Winds a road where all is pleasant and broad and
smooth and fair,
Naught there to suggest a terror, naught to arouse
a care.
Tall trees meet o'er its pathway, and screen from
the noon-day heat,
And the flowers that bloom along its way, make a
rest for toil-stained feet.
The air lies lang'rous and heavy with many a
subtle scent,
A murmuring brook, thro' shadows cool, a limpid
course is bent . . .
Oh, that beautiful road that Peter trod, so far from
the Roman gates!
Where does it lead? To the Heavenly Land, where
a Christ for a conqueror waits?

(Echo). Hark—"Strait the Gate
And narrow the Way
That leads to Life
And Eternal Day."

III.

"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."
Whence cometh this travel-stained wayfarer?
Rent are His garments and worn,
Rugged the cross that He bends under,
Marred His visage and torn.

For Him spring no flowers round the pathway,
Fresh blood-tracks mark out His way.
His face is set firm toward the city,
As of one who can brook no delay.

"My Lord and my God! My blest Master!"
Peter lay prone at His feet,
"Tell me wherefore this cross and these blood-
stains."
The Master made answer meet:

"Someone a cross hath forsaken,
A banner lies trailed in the dust,
A sentry his post hath vacated,
His sword and his shield flung to rust.

In place of my soldier, who vowed him
My Kingdom should suffer no loss,
I turn me to Rome and its legions,
To hang in his place on his cross."

IV.

"Of whom the world was not worthy."
Blood of martyrs falling, falling,
Unto Heaven dumbly calling,
Roman legions ne'er appalling,
Never.



Forth they led him bound and bleeding,
Thro' Rome's streets passed he unheeding,
Martyr's courage was he pleading,
Peter.

Open wide, ye Gates of Light—
Pass, ye martyrs robed in white,
Faith forever changed to sight,
Ever.

Swift adown the Golden Way,
Eager, palm and crown to lay
At the Pierced Feet for aye—
Peter.

L'ENVOI.

"And what shall a man give
in exchange for his soul?"
Deem ye not His blood
efficient?
Doubt ye still His grace
sufficient?
Claim ye not His promise
sure?
Dare ye not His cross endure?
And the starry crown, and
the victor's palm, and the
place prepared in the City of
Light,
And the "Come ye blessed,
enter in: ye have borne the
cross, ye have fought the
fight—
Will ye barter all
Beyond recall,
For a little pleasure,
An earthly treasure
That will suffer the rust and
the moth's corruption, smit-
ten for aye with eternal
blight?"



The WORLD'S GREATEST HERO

Not Momentary Feats of Reckless Daring, in the Heat of Battle, count so much: but Constant Deeds of Unparalleled Heroism Inspired by Truest Courage and Rarest Love.



"TELL us another story, father."
"Another? Where's it coming from? You've had so many, the cupboard's almost bare."
"Oh, no! You've got lots. We know you have. Tell us about a hero."

"A hero! Well, let me see. Yes, perhaps I can rummage round in the cupboard and find a story about a hero. Sit on the rug, little ones, and try to see my hero in the fire as I tell you about her. Look right in there, and try to see her face."

"Her? Is it a her?"
"Yes, it's a lady hero—a heroine, we shall have to call her. I suppose you thought the story was about a knight in shining armor who rode upon a fiery steed. But this hero story is about a woman, young and frail, who yet had a heart as big, and a courage as great, as any hero who ever lived. The greatest heroes, you know, are not the battlefield heroes; they are the heroes of every-day life—ordinary people who do deeds of rare heroism in the quiet ways of life, magnificent deeds of courage of which few people ever know, do them day by day; not momentary feats of reckless daring in the heat of battle, but constant deeds of unparalleled heroism inspired by the truest courage and rarest love. Here goes, then."

"Christina lived in Sweden with her family, and had a very comfortable home. Her parents loved God and had taught their daughter to love Him, too. They were a happy Salvationist family. As Christina grew into womanhood she felt in her young heart that God called her to carry the story of Jesus to missionary lands where the people had never heard His Name."

"Of course, she knew this would entail her leaving all the comfort and happiness of her home, and saying good-bye to her parents, perhaps never to see them again. It meant a bitter struggle for the young Salvationist, but she remembered all her Master had faced for her—the loneliness, suffering, and sacrifice—and she felt she also, as

His follower, must be brave and noble, and self-sacrificing.

"When she told her parents of her Call, they felt they could never let her go so far from them; they loved her so dearly. But at last they, too, bowed in submission to the will of the One they had so long loved and trusted."

"So we find Christina, having become an Officer, saying good-bye to her parents as she boarded the boat for the far East, and receiving their blessing as they bravely smiled and hid from her the heart pangs felt in parting with their beloved daughter."

"Christina, who was now a Lieutenant, arrived at the post in the Far East to which The Army had sent her, with other Officers who had also gone on missionary service. For the first few months she undertook duty on the Headquarters in that country in order that she might learn the language, and quickly made a marked impression on all around her by her noble Christian character."

"When she had been there about twelve months, Christina heard of a village in the interior where a terrible fever had broken out, and where there was an urgent need of people to nurse the sick. Her big heart at once was touched, and she felt she ought to volunteer to help nurse these poor sufferers. She went to the Territorial Commander, the Officer in charge of the work in that country, and told him of her feelings, and that she felt called to go to the assistance of the distressed villagers."

A Perilous Thing

"The Territorial Commander was touched by her noble spirit, but he knew that it would be a perilous thing for this brave-hearted young girl to go and live where the plague raged, for it meant that she would most certainly contract the fever herself. He pointed out to her the danger, telling her that he felt he could not undertake the responsibility of sending her."

"But Christina was insistent and explained that, feeling sure she was called to go, she dare not refuse. The Territorial Commander was in a quandary, and at last advised her to go and pray about the matter and come back to him a day or two later."

"Christina prayed earnestly for guidance, and still felt that she ought to answer the call for help that came from that stricken village. When the Territorial Commander heard her second appeal to be allowed to go, and her declaration that she was convinced it was God's will, he felt he could stand in her way no longer, though it was with many fears for her safety that he reluctantly agreed to her going."

"When Christina entered the fever-stricken village, the people gazed in unveiled surprise and awe; here was a white-faced girl come to help care for them at risk of her own life. They quickly learned that she was a disciple of Jesus and their hearts went out in unbounded love to this brave Salvationist who looked so young and frail and yet possessed such rare courage."

"The first needy sufferer Christina came across was a little boy. She tenderly nursed him, and seized every opportunity of telling to all with whom she came in contact of the love and com-

passion of Jesus, which far outshone any human kindness. At length the little sufferer grew better, but his heroic nurse herself fell a victim to the dread disease."

"The villagers, who almost worshipped the young Salvationist heroine, were plunged in sorrow when they learned the news. They made a rude sort of stretcher on which they tenderly placed her, intending to carry her back to her own people where she would obtain more skilful treatment. They carried her as gently as they could, but every step of the long journey over the rough ground sent a fresh stab of pain through her fever-racked body."

"Christina never saw her own people again, for during the journey she went to be with her Lord, Whose true disciple she was, and Whose great love and selflessness she had so nobly displayed by her self-sacrificing act."

"A while after this, an Officer from Sweden was visiting this same country and was taken by another Officer stationed there to see Christina's grave on the hillside. On the grave was growing a young rose tree on which was one small rose-bud; on the bud they saw a glistening dew-drop. Fluttering above the mound, while they stood there, was a beautiful white butterfly. All around was the parched sand which seemed to be crying out: 'Give me water.'

"Let us study this," said the Swedish Officer, a Major, to his companion. "There seems to be a symbol here. That young rose tree! That surely typifies her young life; she was only twenty when she was called away. The one rosebud! Surely that must represent her one year's service in this needy land."

"As the two watched they saw the glistening dew-drop fall on to a grain of parched sand. That," continued the Major, seems to be symbolical of the one little needy soul to whom she ministered."

A White Memory

"And all the time the white butterfly was floating over the grave. And the white butterfly! That surely is also symbolical. Can we not say that it typifies her beautiful white memory which will ever float over that village to which she gave a glimpse of the incomparable compassion of the Sympathizing Jesus."

"Is that a really true story, father?"

"Yes, little one, a really true story. I heard it from the lips of the Swedish Major himself some time afterwards and have never forgotten it, though that was seventeen years ago."

"I would like to be a hero like that."

"God grant you may be, little son. That's the sort of hero I want you to be. A hero of the Cross! We all can be; for we all have opportunities in the common ways of life—in deeds of cool daring and loving sacrifice—of emulating the Spirit of Christ, the World's Greatest Hero."

—BRAMWELL COLES.



DARKNESS AND DAWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN)

atom we have of energy and love, letting them permeate all our faculties and powers and our private as well as our public work.

The cry of the watchman, "What of the night?" may challenge us sharply, as we attempt properly to answer our Lord's demand for faith; but while we are living in obedience to His granted vision we shall fear not. His "Well done!" is assured. We must live nearer Pentecost and closer to our Risen Lord. We must feel His reviving breath and His never-failing uplift as we

seek to realize His Spirit and our obligation.


Let us pursue the Heavenly vision, going on to see and know what God has appointed for us. I like that word of Ruskin's, "The keenness of our vision is to be tested by the expansiveness of our love." Surely it is ever so! The loving Mary seeks the Revelation at the Tomb. May our love for our Lord attract us more and more, and hold us fast, enabling us and inspiring us, so that we will live and work in the power of His enthralling Resurrection.

KING OF ALL THE KINGS!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN)

engaged himself upon the work which so thrillingly occupies our front page—it is the suggestion that, as Pilate presents Him here, Jesus Christ is not a King amongst kings; not even the foremost of all regal monarchs; but He is the King of all the kings.

Jesus, the Name High over all, most tellingly moves the sons of men, however, as we own Him the King of Love, the King in the Heart, the Sovereign of Life and Action, for it is as we acknowledge Him—"My Lord and my King!" that we know His intimate presence, His smile, His touch, His approval, His abiding fellowship! If you have it not, seek it to-day, now, at once! It is His promise—You shall find!



“But He arose again”.....

'T WAS a dark day for the world
—even the Heavens were veiled
in shades of night at mid-day
—when the Son of God paid the utter-
most penalty for man's sin.

Yes, He died. Jesus, the Hope of Earth, the Joy of Heaven, died, and was buried—in a borrowed tomb. And two of His disciples, walking away from the scene of so great sorrow, said to a Stranger who joined them, en route, “we trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.” No wonder He called them “slow of heart to believe.”

Already He was up and out of the grave; already He was comforting them and making their cold hearts to burn.

Surely He had died, but He arose again, as He said He would, and is now the Hope of All; He is the first fruits of them which slept. And we, our debt fully paid, our title abundantly clear to Eternal Life, rejoice in the Resurrection Tidings. Let us join those two disciples and shout: “The Lord is risen indeed!”

